

Good Morning 753

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Sto. Allan Scott, Services Greet You

IT was a gathering of the clans largement, and now she has at 176, Clifton Road, Aberdeen, home of Leading-Stoker Allan Scott.

Your brother George, Allan, home from German P.O.W., was there. He is looking after his capture. Was on the loose in Italy some months after captivity. And he's full of beans and wisecracks, too. Says he hopes you won't hold it against him that he was captured at Tobruk in '42. R.A.F. regiment did its best, he assures you.

DAYS OFF FOR STEWARD CLIFF TRUSLER

NOBODY could blame you, L-Steward Clifford Trusler, for trying hard to get South Pond Cottage for yourself and your family.

When we called, the flowers were in full bloom, the fruit trees were loaded, and the chickens clucked contentedly in their pen under the apple tree. The River Rother, cascading past, lends the last picturesqueness to a spot that must surely be one of the most pleasing in Midhurst, Sussex.

We met Marjorie and Penny outside the house, and they gleefully confided that they had had a day off from school to have their photograph taken for you.

They both still have faith in you, and continue to hope for the pony and elephant you are hunting up for them.

Greta is no doubt more conscientious about school than her two young sisters, but she didn't mind the day off because the exams were over and she thought she had done pretty well. Anyway, she said she was considerably to speed him down the road to recovery. His four year's. She is getting on well and now their father is very forward to the time when she can put it to the test.

After we had agreed to do that, your Ma looked as if she hadn't a care in the world! She knew how much you wanted that en-

BEING AN INSURANCE AGENT.

THE four branches of this profession are fire, marine, life and accident; if ever life's woes and worries were wrapped up in four words, these are the babies!

To become a successful insurance agent one must be thick-skinned, astute and minus a conscience.

A man who can badger a twenty-year policy out of me at my age, and from my appearance, knows all the answers; and one has done! An insurance agent must never take "No" for an answer; once he gets his foot in the door, he must wedge it there till his harassed victim has signed on the dotted line.

Here are a few tips on insurance, the rest is up to you, with my blessing.

In insuring life, make sure the subject is alive before taking him on; get his backers to wheel him into a strong light and feel his pulse; if there's any vultures flying around, call it a day!

Insuring against fire: Watch to see no flames are coming from the premises before parting with the policy; remove all tins of petrol or benzine that may have been left lying about; this also applies to straw, wood shavings and celluloid.

Bear in mind three lights can cause fire — gas-light, electric light, and anybody else!

Marine insurance: Make sure it is a boat you're insuring and not a half-submerged sieve. Make sure there is a boat at all!

Accident insurance: No help

can be given here; you're up against it. God be with you!

BEING A SOLICITOR.

TO become a solicitor, one must first of all pass an exam set by the Law Society, as tough a body as ever sharpened a quill. If standard four had you beat, this job's certainly not your baby.

After this short work-out, one enters into what is known as "service under articles" for a period of five years, and for this privilege pays till it hurts!

A hundred to five hundred guineas—correct me if I'm wrong, but it seems to me one has to be in the money before one is in it!

But this is not all! They've not done with you yet! Not Pygmalion likely! A Government stamp duty is now slapped on to the tune of eighty quid, while a further twenty-five of the best is asked for admission!

I'll give 'em this, however; now you're dizzy and holding up the wall they leave you alone for a while!

But not for long. While still clutching the wet towel, further fees are required for law classes and exams; you give up eating to cope with this! To my way of thinking, one's practically out of house and home before one's even dusted the office desk!

If a success, now your all's gone, bar your bed—they leave you that, I believe—you will be admitted to the Roll, you're one of the bunch, a pukka solicitor—but where's mama's boy now? Where's the fun and games,

where's life's joys? What with myopia, baldness of the scalp, dyspepsia, and heaven knows what else, you begin to reflect, was it worth it? Was it fair to your better self?

Henry the First writhing after a dish of lampreys must have asked himself the same question.

BEING A STOCKBROKER.

STOCKBROKING means buying and selling securities, or stocks and shares, and, all for all, there's more broke than stock to this job. One starts by becoming a member of the Stock Exchange, paying a hundred guineas to mix with a howling money-mad mob! This job is open every day (bar Sat. and Sun.) from 11 to 3, come what may. Five minutes in this hell-hole would finish me! Here the stockbroker buys from or sells to a dealer or jobber (get on this bloke's

USELESS EUSTACE



"Dash it! I'm not deaf! Need you have knocked so hard?"

half-crown side, he knows it all!)

The stockbroker is here to represent the public, or says he is—well, that misguided section of the public who wonder if it will be curtains next week, or the week after!

These speculators who, in the hope of getting something for nothing, sell their all to back a rise in prices, are known as "bulls"; those who put their shirt on a fall in prices are called "bears"; the animal world, it seems, is well represented!

Monkeys of men are made here, too, I believe. Whether a "bull" or a "bear," you can't always win; you've got it coming to you good and proper some time!

Stockbrokers work on commission, that is, if they ever do work. To me, they always seem to be dressed up to the nines!



Before she went in to tea, Greta climbed the apple tree to shake down some apples for your wife, and there was a wild scramble to retrieve them from the chickens' run and the flower beds. The only person who didn't join in the rush was Penny, who was sitting on her swing under the trees, wishing you were there to give her a push.

Your wife hopes you will soon be following the example of Billy Chevis, who has been demobbed now, and has been making inquiries about you, and adds his best wishes to those coming to you from your own household.

Another friend of yours, Mr. Fletcher, of the Oddfellows Club, had a surprise recently, thought she had done pretty well. Anyway, she said she was considerably to speed him down the road to recovery. His four year's. She is getting on well and now their father is very forward to the time when she can put it to the test.

Your own father is also getting better, and your mother happily maintains her standard of fitness.

They have been getting your letters regularly, and hope you will continue to write often, a wish heartily endorsed by your sisters and all the folk at Market Square.

Back again at South Pond Cottage, the downs are beckoning to your wife and the children, and they all look forward to the trios you used to take there, making a bonfire, boiling the water, and having tea by the river.

Returning from one of those visits, you will still be able to sit in that comfortable room where the water rushes by outside and listen to your favourite Warsaw Concerto which Mrs. Trusler is keeping carefully for you. She sees that it doesn't get picked up by Penny in mistake for her own favourite "Goosey."

By the way, those pears which peep so tantalisingly into the room will provide some of the big eats awaiting you. Your wife is having them specially canned so that you will not miss them. And, indirectly, you won't miss the apples either. There is a certain man-eating rooster in the garden who is very partial to the apples that fall into his run, and he is going to be on that special menu, too.

The subject of poultry brings us to Bob, that skittish black and white member of the canine species. He has been in disgrace for attacking a chicken, but ever since this misdeavour he has been behaving well, so he is being forgiven.

When you get back you will find the whole menagerie awaiting you, with Bob, Tommy the cat, and Snowball and Spot (the rabbits) well to the fore.

But until then, your wife and children send you their very best wishes and lots of luck.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

Address :

"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

PASS THE SALT

By Phillip Neville

IN our village there's a most interesting man called Captain Jones an alternative of the two greatest honours the island that his daughter was scarcely old enough for such an honour, man did, and with the potatoes.

Captain Jones thanked the chief and that the Cabinet insisted that Captain Jones accept it, have shrugged their shoulders and let it go at that. But not our botanist Captain.

Presently he returned, saying scanning the sky for storm clouds. None appeared, but the skewered ears remembered an island, twenty miles away, where there were cliffs.

We have heard them many times without being bored, for the stories are never twice the same.

The one which is our favourite, was already married, and in-and regarded the incident as more because it has the most variations, quired about the alternative or less closed at this juncture.

Having seen the chief's daughter, Captain Jones politely said he philosophical view of the matter and asked what they were. "You can have my daughter in and how would he like to be and let it go at that. But not our botanist Captain.

But Captain Jones was not a fanatical philosopher. He was a botanist as well as a sailor, and he had observed an interesting botanical fact about the island. It grew no which had never before seen own words, a tribe nonplussed potatoes.

"Wait," he said, "I know you'll like roast potatoes. But what about me? Will you like me? What a waste of time and fuel if you don't like me. Tell you what, I'll carve a slice off my leg and you shall all taste me in the morning."

The chief, who suffered horribly from indigestion, agreed that this was a wise suggestion.

So that night Captain Jones plugged a tin into a rubber tree and collected the sap early in the morning.

"No civilised person would dream of eating a meal without potatoes," he exclaimed.

This he hardened into a flesh-like substance.

Then, after placing a bandage on his leg he hobbled to the chief and presented his tit-bit.

The chief called his Cabinet together and off they all went to the local restaurant.

It was, Captain Jones said, heartrending to listen to the chief's moans half an hour later.

He was a nice-looking lad who wore skewers through his ears as well as a ring in his nose.

"You shall not be deprived of that he felt he really ought to your great honour," said the chief's daughter. "My sweetheart knows So, with a gay laugh, he said,

of a neighbouring island where potatoes are grown, and he will go off a few more slices and show in his canoe and fetch some for you a very amusing trick in the morning."

Captain Jones thanked them That night he collected some both and spent the rest of the day more liquid rubber, made it into

tennis balls, bandaged his other leg, and reappeared in front until the kindly lad with the skewered ears remembered an island, twenty miles away, where there were cliffs.

At that there were many groans of the old chief. Here he proceeded to bounce the balls.

To say the tribe was delighted is to describe inadequately a pandemonium.

Presently the old chief blew several sharp notes on his trumpet to recall the tribe from the farthest shores of the island, where they had run happily following the bouncing balls.

The chief, it seemed, had had the sort of idea that proves some men are born leaders.

"He's getting no fun out of all this," he said, pointing at Captain Jones. "Let's bounce him."

Stilling the whoop of joy, with a sternly upraised hand, Captain Jones said, "It's no fun for me to be bounced from hand to ground. I need to be dropped from a cliff to get a laugh out of a bounce."

For our Captain was not only a botanist; he was a geologist, too, and his observant eye had seen that the island was as flat as a pancake.

She confessed to me that her boy friend never kisses her.

"Then why go around with him?" I asked.

"Well, Max, he's such a relief after a hard day at the office."

THE END

QUIZ for today

5. Who is called the Father of Mechanics?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Paste, Mucilage, Glue, Cement, Gum, Adhesive.

Answers to Quiz in No. 752

1. Cheviots.
2. King John.
3. Billiards. Rest or jigger.
4. Patagonians.
5. Sir Isaac Newton.
6. In cricket the champion ship goes to a team; in the others to individuals.

THE CLOGGERS HOOFED IT

TAKE a church, a vicarage, a row of cottages and you have Ancroft, traditional home of the shoemakers. And but for the Great Plague. Ancroft and not Northampton, would have been the seat of Britain's footwear industry.

For those of you who don't know, Ancroft is in Northumberland. Take a walk, or a ride if you can afford it on a submariner's pay, from Berwick-on-Tweed to Wooler, and you'll pass through this pretty little hamlet, which lies snugly in a valley that used to be the Till valley.

Let's have a gander round this ancient joint.

Ancroft Church tower is a tough-looking proposition. Built in the 14th century, it serves two purposes—it ornaments the church and serves—the past tense should be used, I think—as a pele tower, to keep an eye on the Scots who used to rove over the Border in search of plunder.

For centuries the old Manor has been owned by the Greys, the notable Northumberland family.

Ancroft was originally peopled by the cloggers, a roving band of shoemakers. When they camped at the old Borden village, something must have attracted them, for they founded their community there and stayed put for the first time in their long history.

Then came the Plague. Travellers from London brought the germs northward, and they played hell with the shoemakers. The thriving community was decimated.

The cloggers—those who were able to withstand the ravages of the disease germs—packed up their possessions and started on a trek to the south.

No one knows how or why, but they'd had enough of hoofing it by the time they reached Northampton. Maybe the shoes they made weren't as good as they'd made out—or perhaps they were a utility line!

But back to the plague victims. The cloggers were among the first to practise cremation in Britain. When one of their number died, they were carried into a field on the east side of Ancroft which was covered with broom and gorse. A tiny hut was made out of the gorse, and the body laid on it.

To make sure that the germs did not spread further, the whole shebang was set alight.

There's an interesting sequel to this first mass cremation. About fifty years ago, someone wanted to plough up the old burial ground, but the authorities prevented this, on the grounds that the plague germs might still be lingering in the soil. Preliminary diggings, however, unearthed kitchen utensils, a heavy gold wedding ring—and a bow-wow's paradise of bones!

BARNEY BEDFORD.

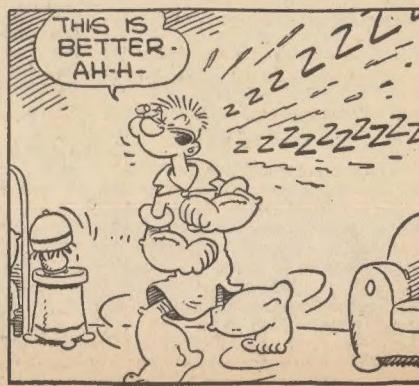
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Dail.

Wangling Words No. 691

1. Behead a bird and make it pale.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: e r u y s o t t l e d e e r e s i d e s r a n d y.
3. What portable dwelling can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The coxswain shouted himself — as the boat went — on the top of a huge breaker.

Answers to Wangling**Words—No. 690**

1. T-IT.
2. Why will you wear awful waistcoats?
3. MEET.
4. Share, hares.

JANE**RUGGLES****GARTH****JUST JAKE**

Next morning, while the throstles rustle in the autumn russet and the copper kettle whistles winsomely on Maida's homely hearth, the Squire parts his hair and looks out...



—JEST DON'T FEEL LIKE IT, CAPTING...



—

I FINKS I OUGHTER RELAX, CAPTING!

time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me: I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than to decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall usually make no demand of that nature the addresses of the man whom I am convinced it will add to my happiness, intention in favour of matrimony: make no demand of that nature the addresses of the man whom I am, thirdly, which perhaps ought to have mentioned earlier, were directed to Longbourn in aware it could not be complied with when he first applies for their stead of my own neighbourhood with, and that one thousand pounds in refusal is repeated a second or where, I assure you, there are many amiable young women. But which will not be yours till after even a third time. I am, therefore, the fact is that being, as I am, to your mother's decease, is all you fore, by no means discouraged to give me her opinion (unasked, of your honoured father (who, head, therefore, I shall be until I am entitled to. On that by what you have just said and too!) on this subject, and it was however, may live many years formally silent, and you may assure before long."

*Jane Austen,
From "Pride and Prejudice."*

I like a bit of nagging now and then. It shows that my wife is human.

If you marry an Irish woman, you marry Eire.

PUZZLE CORNER

Here are some hidden South and South-East Coast resorts in England. The letters are in the right columns, but not in the right lines. Can you find them?

T	X	A	G	N	A	H
M	E	A	Q	A	A	E
S	O	N	T	H	O	Y
V	A	R	O	T	G	E
E	W	R	N	U	O	R
B	L	M	C	A	T	M
C	R	I	X	U	T	N

(Solution to-morrow)

Answer to Puzzle in No. 752.

1. r i C k s
2. t r A c e
3. m o N e y
4. d o o T e r
5. s c E n e
6. t r E k s
7. f e N c e

My complaint is a very unusual one for a husband to make—my wife won't speak to me!

People Are Queer

LONDON taxi driver during the week, 61-years-old Arthur Jenkins is a countryman at week-ends. On Friday night he slips off his uniform and peaked cap, leaves his room in a London street, and goes down to Charwood, Surrey, for a couple of days at his country cottage.

Strolling through a nearby wood with a gun and a dog, or casting a fly over a local stream are his pet hobbies. But he also breeds Sealyhams, Pekes, and bull terriers.

All through the blitzes, "Jenky" stuck to his wheel, and on many occasions was a life-saver to people in need of urgent help or wounded by bombs. He expects his "clients" to be prompt, too. And he allows them only ten minutes "waiting time." After that, he drives off. He hopes soon to retire to his country cottage for good.

SOLDIERS and sailors in both the First World War and the Second owe gratitude to Mrs. Sarah Reeve, of Rectory Road, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

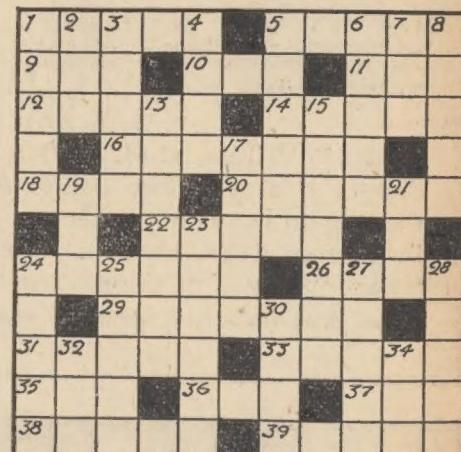
Although she's 106, she's still knitting for the troops—a job she began in 1914 and took up again in 1939.

Still young enough to enjoy life, she likes watching cricket matches and attend most of the pitch battles in her village—taking her knitting with her.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BUD	GLISTEN
PIKE	TEAM
PLENTY	EXIT
RITE	EMPIRE
OF ALTO	ER
STUDY	ADDER
P N RATE	XI
ETCHER	MACE
ROLE	POUTER
MELT	DROP
DESPITE	MTS



CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Full light. 5 Watery mud. 9 Male animal. 10 Big tub. 11 Low. 12 Astir. 14 Enigma. 16 Genuine. 18 Trial. 20 Pulled. 22 Restrict. 24 Make wavy. 26 High. 29 Kid. 31 Antelope. 33 Expert. 35 Squat. 36 Dwarf. 37 Dog. 38 Weapon. 39 Business.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Small leaf. 2 Rule. 3 Get together. 4 Uniform. 5 Current. 6 Flower-cluster. 7 Foreign coin. 8 Drenched. 13 Part of house. 15 Broke out. 17 Map. 19 Self. 21 Fish. 23 Proof-correction. 24 Conjecture. 25 Metal utensils. 27 Palm. 28 Capacity unit. 30 Handle. 32 Edge. 34 Animal's foot.

Good Morning



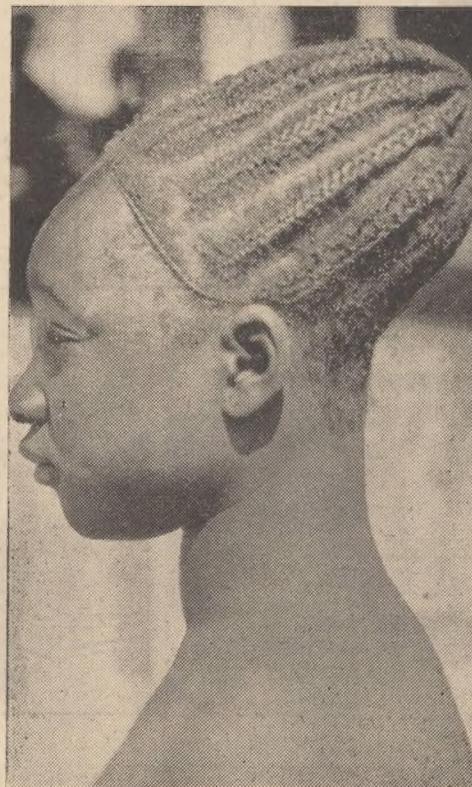
WHAT A BORE !

And this time we don't mean the Editor. It's the Severn Bore, the giant tidal wave that periodically drives up the River Severn from its mouth in the Bristol Channel. This remarkable picture shows the towering wave sweeping between the banks of the upper stream between the villages of Stonebench and Minsterworth. We don't know whether the villagers sing the well-known 'blues' "River Stay Away From My Door."



SAND BABIES.

"Fuse" Wilson, G.M. staff cameraman, took this delightful shot of two babies doing a spot of cake-making on the sand pile at the Cowley Day Nursery, in Brixton Road, London. We don't know whether "Fuse" stayed to sample the "cake" when it was done, but he's had terrible stomach pains for days now.



GOOD MORNING HAIR-DRESSING SERVICE.

We propose, from time to time to give exclusive news and pictures of the latest in hair-do's. We've got our best snoops out on the job. This is the first picture that has arrived. It's called "The Cucumber"—and, frankly, we don't think it will catch on!



LADY TRIES THE TEMPERATURE.

Now, the usual way to see whether the water's cold before going in for a dip is to test it with the big toe. Seems a pity from some angles that this young lady did not adopt the conventional method.

Here's that (Gr) Abled-bodied gal again! Personally, we can never have enough of Betty Grable—and we've got plenty of her here. We particularly admire the feather train. So much so, that we've applied for the position of Betty's train-bearer.